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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1907.

Cortelyou-Late Political Rubbish.

George Bruce Cortelyou to-day effectively disposes of a lot of miserable newspaper rubbish in which he has been made to figure recently. He is not given to speech, especially in the personal equation, and the country, in this instance, will be all the more ready to believe him on that account. The populace is not on familiar terms with this steady-going, well-poised, silent administrative officer, but it has had good opportunity to take his measure since he rose from a modest departmental clerkship to exalted positions of trust and responsibility, and there is no doubt that he ranks high in public appreciation.

Crediting one-half the stuff and nonsense printed about him the past ten days, one would set him down as the veriest amateur in practical politics, a clumsy, stumbling, uneducated statesman, unsettled by a soaring ambition, instead of the cool, clear-headed, clever man of affairs that he really is. It would be necessary to forget his intimate association with McKinley, past master in the art of politics and his services as a resourceful lieutenant of the late Marcus A. Hanna in the hey-day of his partisan power, to accept at face value any one of the absurd stories of his maneuverings for the Presidency to which designing politicians and a sensation-seeking press have of late given currency.

Cortelyou may not be called higher, but the country might look farther and fare worse. It is to be believed that he is chasing no political will-o'-the-wisp. As for the suggestion of disloyalty on his part to his chief, or that he has engaged in a far-reaching plot to capture the next Republican national convention—all that is too preposterous for contemplation.

George Bruce Cortelyou excels in many things, and particularly in one great quality—that of minding his own business. He minds it well. And, moreover, the country, we are sure, wishes him mighty well.

Just six more days—6 count 'em 6—in which to get that Christmas shopping off your hands.

Comptroller Ridgely's Report.

Senator Tillman undoubtedly voices the popular feeling regarding the existing monetary and banking situation, which is one of complaint and dissatisfaction coupled with uncertainty. If not total ignorance of the true and effective remedy for our financial troubles. It cannot be said that our leading statesmen, or financiers, or government officials are contributing much toward a solution of the financial question that will be generally acceptable. Bankers themselves are pretty evenly divided between an asset currency and a central bank of issue, with some of them inclined toward the bond-secured emergency currency which was tentatively favored by President Roosevelt. Secretary Cortelyou, as is well known, has no developed plan of currency reform, though he offered some suggestions for the strengthening of interior reserves. The Comptroller of the Currency, however, has an elaborate scheme for a central bank of issue—an institution which Chairman Fowler, of the House Banking and Currency Committee, pronounces politically impossible. But as there is a strong propaganda in favor of such an undertaking, it may be worth while to consider some of its features as outlined by Mr. Ridgely in his annual report.

The establishment of a central bank, in Mr. Ridgely's judgment, would solve two pressing problems of our national banking system—how to issue an elastic currency and how to provide a reliable and efficient reserve system. Mr. Ridgely diagnoses our recent flurry as due to lack of confidence of the banks in their reserves, in consequence of which the reserve system broke down and reserves were only partially available. In addition to this, there was a demand for more currency than could be supplied, with the resultant of a currency famine. "The remedy for this state of affairs," says Mr. Ridgely, "is to improve the reserve system so that the reserve deposits of the banks can be kept in a bank where they are surely and certainly available. We must impart to our currency system some element of elasticity, so that where there comes a sudden demand for currency it can be supplied in bank notes, without depleting the supply of reserve money." All this Mr. Ridgely is confident can be accomplished by the establishment of a central bank of issue and reserve. According to Mr. Ridgely's plan, the central bank would be under government control, and its business would be confined to transacting the government business, the issue of credit notes, carrying reserve deposits of other banks, the discount of their paper, or the rediscount of their customers' paper. It should also deal in government bonds and in foreign exchange. Its stock could be owned by the national banks proportionately to their capital.

An institution of this character would relieve the Treasury of several important functions now performed by it. But the tendency of most legislative proposals is to enlarge the functions of the Treasury, instead of diminishing them. The maxim that the Treasury ought to be divorced from the banking business finds small public acceptance nowadays. The Secretary every year asks for more power, and

it is probable that Congress is at the present moment more inclined to give it to him than to confer it on the banks or on a central bank more or less under their influence. One of the most popular propositions of the day is that of guaranteeing bank deposits—a measure that would add immensely to the duties and responsibilities of the Treasury. This being the trend of public opinion outside banking circles, it appears likely that the Treasury will emerge from the present conflict of financial ideas with its functions multiplied rather than diminished.

What did Mr. Tom Watson say to the President about his proposition to have the national government pay the campaign expenses of the two leading political parties? Was that giving the "Pops" a square deal?

Army Medical Corps Needs.

Among the service legislation which has been sent to Congress this session is the bill for the increase and relief of the Medical Department of the army. As at present stands, the medical corps of the military establishment is smaller than the needs of the service in time of peace. Efficiency in the army depends largely upon the health of the troops. The mobility of armed bodies, together with their endurance and the maintenance of marksmanship, are with the troops which have physical fitness which comes of sanitary camps and the hygiene of the field. The work of the army surgeon is not alone that of taking care of the wounded and relieving the distress of the sick. It is important, of course, that the wounded soldier shall be preserved from death, and that the injured and sick shall be returned as soon as possible to the firing line. But wounds must happen in time of war; it is important to get the troops in a condition of alertness, with an ability to defy the influences of climate and the hardship of travel, so that they will deprive the enemy of his advantage and strike the first blow.

This can only be done by having a medical department which keeps the army in a state of health. This is not possible under existing conditions, when it is found impossible to obtain officers for the regular medical corps personnel. The deficiency in numbers of the regular officers is shown by the fact that now in time of peace, with the army near its minimum strength, 199 contract surgeons must be employed to do the routine medical service of the army. The deficiency in attractiveness of the medical corps because of the disproportionate number of the lower grades created by the reorganization of 1901 is shown by the fact that there are at present twenty-three vacancies in the grade of assistant surgeon, which the department has tried in vain to find competent men to fill. It is obvious that the first deficiency cannot be repaired until the second is rectified.

The enactment of the bill which seeks to increase the efficiency of the Medical Department is a contribution to the fighting power of the military force, and Congress should not fail to apply such simple and economical security and assurance.

Every Johnson in public life who has visited Washington of late has made a distinctly favorable impression: Gov. Johnson, Mayor Johnson, and Senator Johnson—the latter being a Johnson, in spite of the "r" in his name. Not even a suggestion of too much Johnson in the entire array.

Wise Mr. Longworth.

The Washington Herald is not a newspaper constantly on tiptoe of expectation because of a lurking thought that Mr. Nicholas Longworth may arise from his seat in Congress some fine day and startle the universe into pause because of his mighty prowess as a statesman. We have never, in fact, looked upon him as quite in the class of Congressional giants, so called.

Mr. Longworth, however, has shown some degree of diplomacy in disposing of a recent nasty newspaper story to the effect that he had but recently "cleaned up" \$3,000,000 in Wall street—the methods alleged to have been employed involving some use of knowledge obtained by him in the relation of the President's son-in-law.

Mr. Longworth appears not to have been indignant, especially, he merely remarked that he would cheerfully divide the three millions with whoever would prove to him that the story was true.

To have entered into long, violent, and bitter denunciations as many men in this emergency might have done—would have dignified the story far beyond its deserts as even a yellow canard. It would have added another chapter to the attempted scandal that would have emphasized it, if not enlarged it. As it is, nothing came of it, and almost as soon as it was born—and, no doubt, largely because the Congressman refused to treat it as more than a trivial and silly story, worthy of nothing more serious than a facetious comment.

Mr. Longworth may never set the Congressional woods on fire; he may never shine as Ambassador to Germany, as he has been suggested he might. Nevertheless, his ample grasp of this situation, and his quick and effective disposition of it, demonstrates that his mental make-up is not altogether devoid of the basic principle from which virtue in repression at times. Mr. Longworth is something more than his father-in-law's son-in-law.

The Charleston News and Courier's ultimatum suggests that another war may be averted between the North and the South if the new Senator from Arkansas is referred to as "Senator J. Davis."

A scientist claims to have demonstrated that a mathematical certainty that women talk eight times as much as men. Now, the women will expect the men to quit springing that old jibe about their wives never giving them a chance to say anything.

Now it has been discovered that the new ten-dollar gold piece is more apt to fall heads than tails when flipped in the air. Our own coin-tossers must have a square deal.

The Democrats will have to attend the next Republican convention if they want to see something calculated to make them think of old times.

Gen. Coxey, of Coxey's army fame, has a scheme for financial reform, so he announced his statement and is fishing for an invitation to a White House luncheon.

A great many people are inclined to feel sorry for the poor, downtrodden, wretched Indians, whose lands have been taken from them unlawfully and without their consent. The pale face brother has always managed to conceal his sorrow in this regard, however, until too late to be of any practical good to poor Lo.

We shudder to think what will happen to the tobacco trust if its trial should come just after Christmas and the annual distribution of holiday cigars.

Sensor "Jeff" Davis says he is for "the under dog in any fight." Well, isn't the octopus the under dog in a fight with the Senator?

"An English doctor has found a remedy which is guaranteed to cure excessive sleeping," says the Nashville Tennessean.

Under the instructions of the walking delegate of the Paragraph Union, we are stopped from offering the heretofore never-failing comment in this crisis.

The New York Mail insists that a real eagle is not at all unlike the psalmist, and that this comes of a desire to get in on a weighty argument rather than from an actual belief, however.

The loss of the seven-masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson was said, of course, but the seven-funneled hot-airship Tom Lawson still remains intact.

"Mr. Bryan has declared that he would not accept more than one term in the White House, if elected; would he stand as pat on that after his inauguration as Mr. Roosevelt has stood on his anti-third term announcement?" queries an anxious contemporary. Perhaps Mr. Bryan thinks the best way for the American people to find out about that is to elect him the first time and see.

Paris has "gone wild" over American musical comedy, according to a recent cable. As the cable refrains from saying whether this was from delight or the opposite emotion, we venture no comment.

"The tombstone cutters' union is threatening a strike," according to the Concord Monitor. We can hardly blame them; the false witness they are called upon to bear against a large number of people is little short of appalling.

A physician advises people to avoid "baked air." If it is any worse than "hot air," his advice is certainly worth heeding.

Another happy sign of the times: The man who writes it "Xmas" has about played out.

"It is dangerous to drink alcoholic beverages in a city with such an altitude as Denver," says a scientific writer, who probably lives in Louisville and has a spiteful disposition.

"Too much money is to be our next trouble," says a well-known banker. Well, that will be a very novel and welcome trouble to the great majority of us.

The Birmingham Age-Herald discovers that this country has not had a President named John since 1841. You Yonson, he bawls gude feller for das job, by yimminy!

Harry Thaw says he wants a "quick trial." Yes, indeed; with plenty of quick-line handy during its progress.

According to the Baltimore Sun, the Shah of Persia has his obnoxious cabinet ministers put in chains and thrown into a dungeon. That even sounds better than consigning them to the Ananias Club.

"There are two Roosevelts," says the London Globe. That discovery will mark the finish of Chancellor Day.

It must be admitted that the weather man did his best yesterday to back up the plea of the shop-early editors.

PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

What the Readers Want is Value for Their Money.

From the New York Herald.

Still another 1-cent morning newspaper has decided to do business on a business-like basis and raise its price.

The Washington Herald, beginning with January 1, will charge 2 cents for its weekday issues. In making this announcement its publishers say: "Several reasons—both logical reasons—might be given for the increase, but the one logical reason, that the paper will be worth it, is sufficient."

The sale of a newspaper for less than the cost of the raw material on which it is printed is an absurdity, and in all parts of the country the publishers of such journals are raising the price.

Our enterprising namesake of Washington has the right idea—"the paper will be worth it." Subscribers and purchasers will cheerfully pay the trifling advance when they know they are getting good value for their money.

NO TIME TO THROW ROCKS.

Necessity for Constructive Legislation to Cure Financial Ills.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Inquiry into the recent Federal budget issues and the general financial situation is proper and commendable. The Republicans in the Senate led by Senator Aldrich are in harmony with Senators Clay and Tillman in that extent, but we wish that our Senator might approach so grave a proposition in a better temper than that disclosed by his saying that he is "getting up a pile of rocks to throw."

The present system of financing the government is radically wrong. It is ancient, stale, and fetid. Everybody made it when Senator Tillman was shouting that "it is 1 or bust" was a sure cure and the trouble is now that during all the years since 1896 Senator Tillman and the rest have neglected to show to the country a system of "financing the country" that is radically right.

If the present system is "radically wrong," which undoubtedly it is, whose fault is it except it be that of Senators and Representatives in Congress chosen on the assumption that they would not permit a known evil to continue? Having abandoned free silver coinage, in the name of common reason why have not the Silver Democrats as well as the Gold Republicans moved steadily for the last eleven years for currency reform, and why are they in an attitude of financial alarm and obstruction now? Has all idea of constructive legislation departed from them and must they be content with hovering on the flanks of an enemy to harass whether his object be good or bad? Certainly the financial system and the low performances of Mr. Cortelyou should have investigation, but a fustian of stones from a dweller in a glass house will not facilitate its progress.

Cheap Political Cynicism.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

It is not a pleasant thing to read some of the comments on President Roosevelt's refusal to stand for re-election, especially those printed in Eastern newspapers or emanating from Eastern politicians. Too many of them indulge in cheap cynicism, both as regards his present purpose in making his statement and as regards his ultimate intention. They picture him as irritated or tricked or scared into rejecting the honor, or else they try to unravel the skein of some deep political conspiracy, either in favor of this candidate or against that, in which the President is involved. It is a pleasure to observe that the comment in Chicago and in the central West generally does not sink to this level.

Let Loeb Try It Awfully.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why not let Secretary Cortelyou come back to the White House for a while and send Secretary Loeb over to the Treasury to see what he can do with it?

High License There.

From the Ohio State Journal.

It would be rather interesting to know to what extent the dry wave has affected the admiral's flagship.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ALWAYS UNFORTUNATE.

Here, I stand within the hall;
For the elevator bawl

With a frown.
"Going up?" I loudly cry.
And the urchin makes reply:
"Going down."

Here you see me buying stocks,
Hoping to acquire both rocks
And "Going up?" I loudly say,
But my broker answers "Nay;
Going down."

When old Charon I shall meet,
Looking mystical, but neat
In his gown.
"Going up?" I'll murmur low,
And he'll doubtless answer "No;
Going down."

Good Guess.
"He says his regard for me is purely platonic."
"What does that mean?"
"A calendar for Christmas, I imagine."

No Matter.
"They claim that Shakespeare didn't write the plays."
"H'm," said the press humorist. "After I'm gone, I suppose they'll say I didn't originate these jokes. Well, if they want to, let 'em."

The Aftermath.
"Won't we have no Christmas, mumm?"
"No children. At the last race meet your father contributed all his money to help improve the breed of horses."

Too Late Now.
Shop early, if you have the price.
But, psst! I'm slow;
I should have offered this advice
A month ago.

Winter Conditions.
"The telephone people have discovered something new."
"What is it?"
"Say you can talk by holding the receiver against your chest."

Signs of a Break.
"George must love you."
"Why?"
"Keeps coming to see you with Christmas cards."

The Providers.
"Fall gowns are flying in V-shapes."
"What does that indicate?"
"A hard winter on the poor husbands, I'm thinking."

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

From the Baltimore American.

THE GOING OF THE SHIPS.
Our gallant fleet has sailed away.
Pride of the nation's heart;
The best and highest of the land
Were there to hail its start;
And, ah, they made a royal show,
Their flags flung to the breeze,
As with cheers blent, the great ships
To far off Eastern seas.

As one by one, the battle ships
In long procession went,
The pride in all their stately strength
In plaudits loud found vent
For every heart felt that no land
In all this wide, wide world
Above a nobler, greater fleet
A prouder flag unfurled.

The eyes of that same world are fixed
Upon that fleet to-day,
No human power may check its course,
Or bar its way on its way;
It bears in grandeur and in pomp,
The symbol of our power—
Our strength in flight, our peace's might—
This fleet, our Navy's flower.

Not Tabled.

"There is one thing about a resolution to make somebody eat crow, which is paradoxical."

"It is seldom laid on the table."

Not the Same Thing.

"Cholly Lisper says you told him Mabel Tiptoes was going to be an actress."

"I never told him any such thing."

"Why, I'm sure he declared you said she was going on the stage."

"Oh, I told him that."

A Natural Conclusion.

"Why do you suppose the fleet took the direction it did?"

"I suppose something is fermenting in the East."

"I judge that young Galt is broke."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because he says he is on the mend."

All Sound.

"Has the young man any amicable relatives?"

"No, sir; he's got only two uncles and they are as good as a dollar."

Sounds Contradictory.

"What time do you do your Christmas shopping?"

"I used to wait until the last minute, but I'm doing it early of late."

Oklahoma's White Elephant.

From the St. Louis Republican.

The people of Oklahoma, representing different shades of cream white, copper red and so on to a few examples of original ivory black, have about as much need for a "race question" of any kind as they have for a white elephant. But, of course, if they think they need a white elephant, no outsider ought to interfere, further than to suggest that with proper and considerate treatment such nothing more than an inconsiderable temporary digression from subjects of real importance.

Coming Down the Pike.

From the Springfield Republican.

Gov. Hughes' nearest political friend in the White House half an hour and talking politics with the President! That is almost a sensation. "Watch the dust spots in the distance" was Senator Page's advice to his interviewers. Such is his intimation that some one is coming down the pike.

Smells of the Woods.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Millionaire Weyerhaeuser, having cut off about the forests in sight and banked the proceeds, has presented Yale with \$50,000 to establish a chair of forestry. This money may not be tainted, but it has some of the bark on it.

Always on Hand.

From the Denver Post.

Strange, isn't it, how Gen. Funston is the man who always happens to be near the spot where trouble breaks out?

AT THE MANGER.

When first, her Christmas wish to keep,
Came down the silent sled,
With snowy angel's tread,
Beholding what his mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling bands
She watched the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night,
With tender visions of delight,
She watched his resting place,
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show,
He saw his mother's face.

—John B. Tabb, in the Atlantic.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Hon. Winthrop Murray Crane, Senator from Massachusetts, though small in stature and unpretentious in manner, stands high in the councils of the administration. His advice is often sought when weighty questions arise. Senator Crane is a popular man in his State, and three times served the Commonwealth as its lieutenant governor, being chosen governor in 1899. Though sagacious, cool, and an influential politician, he is most honored for his personal qualities.

Walking up Pennsylvania avenue some time ago, the Senator was pointed out to an employing printer by a friend:

"There goes the man who manufactures the best bond and ledger paper you use in the printing business."

"You don't mean it; that slight, modest-looking, and plain man?"

"The same, and what he doesn't know about fine paper isn't worth knowing. He served an apprenticeship in his father's paper mills, grew up with the business, and knows the paper down to the minutest details. His bank-note material is used the world over. Another good point in his favor is that he has never had any trouble with labor during the management of his immense business."

Harry L. Maynard, Representative from Portsmouth, Va., is one of the "James-town Survivors," which is an organization composed of a number of Members of Congress and newspaper men who went to Jamestown Island some three years ago, when the exposition was first talked of, as the guests of William McKim, of Illinois.

Maynard, of course, is intensely interested in the exposition, and although many persons are of the opinion that it was a financial failure and that the government will lose money, Maynard does not think so.

"That land down there," says Maynard, "is worth no less than three or four, or maybe five, millions of dollars. Now, if it is worth five millions, and the government will buy it for one or two millions, won't the government make three or four millions out of the transaction?" he says.

It is probable that he will introduce a bill bearing on the sale of the land to the government before the end of the session.

E. A. Wickham, in the office of the journal clerk, in the Capitol, is compiling a volume that, upon its appearance, may be designated as the "Book of Beauty." It is to contain pictures of all the Members of Congress who are now serving, and will be distributed among them.

It will be an innovation and taken in connection with the Congressional Directory, which gives biographical sketches of all the Members will be the means of keeping a good record of each other.

George E. Foss, of Illinois, who will again be chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, was one of the guests with the President on the trip down to Hampton Roads to see the big battle fleet, and he was full of enthusiasm concerning the outcome of the trip.

"I feel personally proud of that fleet," he said, "because I have been officially interested in the construction of every one of the vessels."

Mr. Foss has been on the Naval Affairs Committee for fourteen years. He thinks it is the best fleet the world, and does not seem to be apprehensive as to the outcome of the trip.

Judge John James Jenkins, of Wisconsin, is one representative who is "on his job." Judge Jenkins is chairman of the House Committee on Judiciary. Though there seems to be an unusual preponderance of "J's" in his name, title, and committee, he is anything else. Speaker Cannon has no more indefatigable chairman than he.

Every morning during the session of Congress the Judge comes to the Capitol at 8 a. m. and grinds away at his duties until nearly every one else has departed. He is asked why he came so early:

"You see," said the Judge, "I have always been an early riser, have served in the army where discipline was necessary, and having a pleasure in my duties, I would rather come early when my mind is clear, get rid of the amount of work necessary on the Judiciary and be free when the House convenes."

Judge Jenkins is a hale and hearty looking man, and his long hours do not impair his health.

Senator Levi Ankeny, of Washington State, knows how to make himself solid with the newspaper men. He had sent to the Senate press gallery a box of large and luscious apples with instructions to distribute them among the boys with his compliments.

Though born in Missouri, it isn't necessary to "show" Senator Ankeny, he knows how. The box of apples was accompanied by a note:

"To the boys, with my best wishes. I know them to be a hard working lot. To mold public opinion, to shape the course of the State is no easy task, and if I can help a little corner I am glad to do it, and with no ulterior motive either."

Two sons of the Celestial Kingdom, lost amid the mazes of the Capitol, yesterday wandered into the Senate press gallery, probably in search of the best vantage point from which to see and hear the doings and sayings of the Senators. But just beyond the threshold stood Edwin A. Halsey, assistant superintendent of the press gallery and writing rooms.

"Nothing doing, John," he said as he barred their further progress. "You can't come in here."

With no change in the expression of their stolid faces, the two Chinamen turned silently and strode out again.

"And, there," said a scribe, who sat near by, "is Chinese exclusion exemplified."

Senator Carter, the new Republican member of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, is the prize debater of the Senate. Few of the questions that have come up in the upper House during the present session have failed to bring the Senator from Montana to his feet.

He has on one or